

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

VOLUME XVIII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1842.

NUMBER 26.

## Select Tales.

From the Lady's World of Fashion.

### THE MINISTER'S DINNER. BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

THE Reverend Mr. N—— was a man of excellent temper, generous feelings and well cultivated mind, but he was eccentric even to oddity. He was a powerful preacher, and his ministration was blessed with the reformation of many of his parish. At the age of thirty-four, he became enamored of a beautiful light hearted girl of seventeen, daughter of one of his richest parishioners, and who imagined that to refuse the hand of the minister would be a sin bordering hard upon the unpardonable. Well, the marriage was consummated, and the bride's fat portion paid; and the husband, as husbands in their first love are apt to do, gave in to the humor of his wife, and accompanied her to several festive parties, given by his wealthy neighbors in honor of his marriage.

The happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlor, one evening toward spring, the reverend gentleman studying the Venerable Bede, and his wife equally intent upon a plate of the latest fashions, when she suddenly looked up with an expression between hope and fear, and thus addressed her companion,

"My dear husband, I have a request to make."

"Well, Nancy, any thing consistent."

"You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent, request, surely?"

"No—not one that you considered inconsistent. But come, what is it?"

"Why, my dear," and her voice trembled a little, we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry, and now I think that to maintain our position in society, we should make a party too."

The minister looked blank.

"What sort of a party Nancy," he said at length.

"Why," she replied, "such a party as those we have attended. We must make an elegant dinner and have dancing after it."

"Dancing! in a minister's house," ejaculated Mr. N——.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied his wife, coaxingly. "You will not dance, the party will be mine; and then we have been to similar parties all winter."

"True, true," he murmured with a perplexed air, and sat silent for some time, as if considering. At length he spoke. "Yes, Nancy, you may make a party, give a dinner and if the guests desire it, you may dance."

"Thank you, love," she cried, putting her arms around his neck.

"But I have some stipulations to make about it," he said, "I must select an invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes upon the table."

"All as you please, love," she answered delightedly, "but when shall it be?"

"Next Wednesday, if you please."

"But our furniture and window draperies are very old fashioned. Is it not time we had new?"

"I should think it hardly necessary to re-furnish our rooms, Nancy. All our furniture is excellent of its kind."

"But our smooth carpets, white draperies and cane chairs have such a cold look; do consent to have the rooms new fitted, we can move these things to the unfurnished chambers."

"And of what use will they be in those rooms which we never occupy? Besides it is near spring, and to fit up now for winter, is superfluous."

"Well, I would not care," she persisted, "only people will call us parsimonious and ungentle."

"Oh, if that is all," said he, gaily, "I will promise to expend a thousand dollars on the evening of the party, not in furniture, but in a manner which will be far more grateful to our guests, and profitable to ourselves, and which shall exonerate us from all imputations of parsimony; and you may expend in dress, eatables, and dessert, just what sum you please, and do not forget the wines. And so the colloquy ended. He resumed his studies and she gave up her mind to the consideration of the dress which would be most becoming, and the viands that were most expensive. The next day she went busily about her preparations, wondering all the time how her husband would spend his thousand dollars, but as she had discovered something of the eccentricity of his character, she doubted not that he meant to give an agreeable surprise; and her curiosity grew so great that she could hardly sleep during the interval.

At length the momentous day arrived. The arrangements were all complete, and Mrs. N—— retired to perform the all important business of arraying her fine person in fine attire. She lingered long at the toilette, relying on the fashionable unpunctuality of fashionable people, and when the hour struck, left her chamber arrayed like Judith of old, gloriously, to allure the eyes of all who should look upon her, and full of sweet smiles and graces, notwithstanding the uncomfortable pinching of her shoes and corsets. Her husband met her in the hall.

Our guests have all arrived, he said, and opened the door of the receiving room. Wonderful wonderful. What a strange assembly. There were congregated the cripple, the maimed and the blind; the palsied, the extreme aged and a group of children, from the almshouse, who regarded the fine lady some with wide open mouths, others with both hands in their hair, while some peeped from behind furniture, to the covert of which they had retreated from her dazzling presence. She was petrified with astonishment, then a dash of displeasure crossed her face, till having ran her eyes over the grotesque assembly, she met the

comically grave expression of husband's countenance, when she burst into a violent fit of laughter during the paroxysm of which, the bursting of her corset laces would be distinctly heard by the whole company.

"Nancy," at length said her husband sternly.—She suppressed her mirth, and stammered an excuse, and added, "You will forgive me, and believe yourselves quite welcome."

"That is well done," whispered Mr. N——, "then my friends," said he "as my wife is not acquainted with you, I will make a few presentations." Then leading her towards an emaciated creature, whose distorted limbs were unable to support his body, he said, "This gentleman, Nancy, is the Reverend Mr. Niles, who in his youth, traveled and endured much in the cause of our common Master. A violent rheumatism, induced by colds, contracted among the new settlements of the west, where he was employing in preaching the Gospel to the poor, has reduced him to his present condition. This lady, his wife has piously sustained him, and by her own labor procured a maintenance for herself and him.—But she is old and feeble now, as you see."

Then turning to a group of silver locks and thread bare coats, he continued, "These are soldiers of the revolution. They were all sons of rich men. They went out in their young strength to defend their oppressed country.—They endured hardships, toils, and sufferings, and such as we hardly deem it possible for men to endure and live, they returned home at the close of the war; maimed in their limbs, and with broken constitutions, to find their patrimonies destroyed by fire, or the chances of war, or their property otherwise filched and wrested from them. And these worthy men live in poverty and neglect in the land for the prosperity of which they sacrificed their all. These venerable ladies are the wives of these patriots, and widows of others who have gone to their rewards. They could tell you tales that would thrill your heart and make it better. This is the celebrated and learned Dr. B——, who saved hundreds of lives during the spotted epidemic. But his great success roused the animosity of his medical brethren who succeeded in ruining his practice, and when blindness came upon him, he was forgotten by those whom he had delivered from death. This lovely creature is his only child, and she is motherless. She leads him daily by the hand, and earns the food she sets before him. Yet her learning and accomplishments are wonderful, and she is the author of those exquisite poems, which appear occasionally in the —— Magazine. These children were orphaned in infancy by the Asiatic Cholera, and their sad hearts have seldom been cheered by a smile, or their palates regaled by delicious food. Now dry your eyes love, and lead on to the dining room.

She obeyed, notwithstanding her emotions.

the thumping of coarse shoes, and the rattling of sticks, crutches, and wooden legs behind her, well nigh threw her into another indecorous laugh.

To divert her attention, she glanced over the table. There stood the dishes for which her husband had stipulated, in the shape of two monstrous homely looking meat pies, and two enormous platters of baked meats and vegetables, looking like mountains among the delicate viands that she had prepared for the refined company which she expected. She took her place and prepared to do the table honors, but her husband, after a short thanksgiving to the Bountiful God, addressed the company with "Now, my brethren, help yourselves and one another, to whatever you deem preferable. I will wait upon the children."

A hearty and jovial meal was made, the minister setting the example, and as the hearts of the old soldiers were warmed with wine, they became garrulous, and each recounted some wonderful or thrilling adventure of the revolutionary war; and the old ladies told their tales of privations and suffering, and interwove with them their histories of fathers, brothers or lovers, who died for liberty.

Mrs. N——, was sobbing convulsively, when her husband came round, and touching her shoulder whispered.

"My love, shall we have dancing?" That word with its ludicrous associations, fairly threw her into hysterics, and she laughed and wept at once.

When she became quiescent, Mr. N——, thus addressed the company.

"I fear my friends, that you will think my wife a frivolous, inconsistent creature, and I must therefore apologise for her. We were married only last fall, and having attended several gay parties which our rich neighbors gave in honor of our nuptials, and my wife thought it would be genteel to give a dinner in return. I consented on conditions, one of which was that I should invite the guests. So, being a professed minister of him who was meek and lowly in heart, I followed to the letter his command. "But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, &c." you all recollect the passage. Mrs. N——, not knowing who her guests were to be, is highly delighted with the ruse I have played, and I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a company assembled this winter. My wife desired new furniture, lest we should be deemed parsimonious, and, I pledge myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasant to our guests, and which should obviate any such imputation."

Then addressing the children, he said.

"You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places, and if you continue to be industrious and perfectly honest, in word and deed, you will become respectable members of society. To you Dr. B——, under God, I owe my life. I did not know of your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortunes, until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you, but if you and your daughters will except the neat furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again. To you patriot fathers and these nursing mothers of our country, I present the thousand dollars.

"It is just one hundred dollars each soldier and soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks,

my friends.—You, Mr. Niles, are my father in the Lord. Under your preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a room prepared for you, and a pious servant to attend you. It is time that you were at peace, and your excellent lady relieved of her heavy burden." The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the carpet, and poured forth such thanksgiving and prayer, as found way to the heart of Mrs. N——, who ultimately became a meek and pious woman, a fit helpmate for a devoted gospel minister.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"There is none

In all this cold and hollow world,  
No fount of deep, strong, deathless love,  
Save that within a mother's heart."—HEMANS.

If there be one sanctuary within my heart more purely sacred than another, more undefiled by the coldness, the selfishness, and the contractedness of the world, it is that were garnered up and cherished are the recollections of my childhood's home and mother's love. Yes, there is a shrine "within the heart's warm cell shut up" upon which the human affections fondly cull and bestow their sweetest flowers. The heart of man is susceptible of almost infinite unbounded love; love, whose soft tendrils embracing and twining in their upward growth around their chosen works of nature, ultimately fasten on "Nature's God."

I say chosen works, for though the heart be so constituted that the first developments of its affections are wont to clasp the nearest objects, yet, as they expand and mature in growth, and some are found to be partially blighted by coming in contact with treacherous and unworthy objects, they are taught by such experience to select with critical discrimination those which shall prove congenial. But there is a germ that starts up as it were by instinct from the young heart's centre, sapping its ruddiest drops, and being unchecked by the chilly breath of worldliness it grows with life's growth and increases with its strength even till life's sun is set. That germ is the seed from which spring the tender ties that link the reciprocal affections of the offspring with those of her who gave it birth. And yet, how poorly we prize, how feebly appreciate those sunny flowers that maternal love strews too thickly along our pathways, until the cruel hand of Destiny leads us from those secluded, happy walks, to mingle in and battle with the stern realities and corroding cares of a heartless world, and we are enabled to contrast those buffeting storms that assail our inexperienced barks with the atmosphere that was warmed and sweetened by a mother's mild and gentle breath.

What though we plunge deep into the restless tide of busy life, and form new connections, new associations! what though by unwonted success the giddy, fickle wheel of Fortune roll us on to wealth and luxury; or by rare talent and passing bright genius, we mount up with bounding strides even to the topmost pinnacle of Fame, and with gratified pride and ambition we hear the voice of our universal renown come murmuring

and echoing upon the four winds of Heaven? what though even from our own selfish race, we may have been so extremely fortunate and happy as to select a few congenial spirits that we may gather to our bosoms in all the confidence and heart-felt attachment;—friends who will not only rejoice with and caress us in the glad days of our health and prosperity, but who, when the dark clouds of adversity collect around our tempest-tost, sail-riven vessel, and the frowns of fate lower around our brows, will faithfully cling to us, and with the strong arm of affection endeavor to avert the blow that would crush us, while they thoughtfully administer such consolation and assistance as only the hand and heart of pure friendship may attempt to collect and supply? Nay, even though we find in our thorny way a flower which we deem worthy of being plucked and clasped to our breast by stronger and more tender ties of relationship, and thus possess the heart of a being whose all of earthly hope and devoted love is nourished for our happiness; and who fondly presents to our embrace those new, bright, glad creatures of existence that nestle to our bosom with such innocent prattle of affection and reverence as they can but feel towards the author of their being—I say though we may glide even smoothly on life's tumultuous deep, and its rolling surges break and scatter harmlessly around us—yet shall we often feel an empty void within; and often will the heart be found yearning for the poor and gushing waters which none but the fount of a mother's love can supply. We cannot forget the being whose smiles of melting tenderness and fond caresses conspired to chase away the many petty griefs that started up and assailed us even in life's earliest morn. We cannot forget the being who so assiduously watched each new development, who so fondly enticed our first tottering step, who taught our tongue to lisp the name of mother, our feeble, untutored sight to wander over nature's fair creation—and who taught our young knee to bow, and our young heart to prompt the simple, nightly orison of grateful thanks to the Divine Author of all. We must ever remember her who, when our tender frame was writhing under the keen, blighting touch of Disease, and our young blood boiled with a feverish heat, furnished with her own soft fingers the cooling draught; who, in the fearfulness of her fond heart, would stand all the long day by our couch, watch each real or conceived want, and often supply ere asked, that she seemed intuitively to know would please; sweeten by her tenderness each bitter potion; and who even through the long and silent watching of many successive nights would still hover around like a guardian angel, and with sleepless love continue those nightly vigils, smoothing our midnight pillow, and if perchance a gentle slumber fall upon us, would move spirit-like and almost breathlessly around, lest she disturb our rest; even till the feverish flush mounted her own high, pale forehead, her cheeks were wasted and her eye dimmed and sunken—until as it were drawing the fangs of the Destroyer from our frame, would cheerfully clasp them to her own bosom and lie down without a murmur, nay even smile at their fierce wrangling. We cannot forget her whose



whole life, during our dependant years, was made up of all—absorbing care, watchfulness, anxiety and devoted self-sacrifices for our happiness and well-being: who permitted us to drink on long and unconsciously at the very spring of her affection, who humored and gratified our every want even when we were stubborn and unkind: whose fondness and kindness were ever the same even when they were met with passion, and when we receive her many gifts as if we expected homage from her—aye, who thus pampered us till the coldness, scorn and contumely of the world made us wretched.

But I would not wish to be understood as forgetting our other source of parental love. No! hard indeed and ungrateful must be the heart that could easily forget a Father's ever watchful guardianship—an affection which, if less tender and fondly peculiar in its exhibitions, and less entirely thought-engrossing from the fact of it not being his all of solicitude—is notwithstanding none the less deep-rooted and faithful in supplying its own appropriate office. But then there is something so singularly pure, devoted and unalloyed in the love that constitutes as it were a mother's very being, that it would seem as though Heaven commiserating the abject and joyless situation of mortal man, had bountifully commissioned some of its glad angel spirits to smile upon and bless otherwise cheerless, hopeless pilgrimage: spirits, that, like "Summer birds, which ever in the haunch of winter sing the lifting up of day," spirits that it would seem were sent to lift man above the many petty temoils and sordid cares that fill up "the war of life," to brush away with her own soft hand the many dark clouds of worldliness and despair that will sometimes lower all too thickly around his troubled brow; to guide and buoy him up through the only safe and narrow channel of life's shoal-bound and shallow sea, still pointing him upward to the bright star of Hope which lightens him on to the glad haven of rest: to so make herself the staff and support of his faltering and snare-environed steps through life's brief struggle, that at last she may faithfully gather with the object of her mission at the foot of the great white throne.

IOTA.

Brooklyn Collegiate Institute, May, 1842.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE DEVIL'S FUNERAL SERMON.

ONE of the neighbors of Rev. J. C.—as we have been informed, thinking to play a joke on him, met him in the street one day, and addressed him thus:—

"Mr. ——— I wish you to preach a funeral sermon."

"Ah, who is dead?" inquired the minister.

"The devil," was the reply.

"Well, and do you wish me to preach his funeral sermon?"

"I do."

"Very well, I will do it."

So the time and place was fixed for the service, which being in a private dwelling, seats were provided for the audience, the front ones of which the minister kept from being occupied till the people had all collected. He then addressed them in the following manner.—"It is the custom

where I have generally officiated on funeral occasions, to reserve the front seats for the mourners and relations of the deceased. I have accordingly kept these in reserve for the connections of him whose funeral sermon I am requested to preach, who is, as you are aware, the devil. Now before I commence I wish his children and mourners to come forward and occupy these seats."

As no one obeyed the call, he remarked again—"I know that the old gentleman has a number of children present, and I should be glad to have them comply with the usual custom of mourners." As the seats still remained unoccupied, he added—"I thought it would turn out so, the father is not dead, or his children would show proper respect to his memory, so I shall address you on another subject." He then preached them a faithful sermon. We heard this story and did not believe it, but afterwards meeting with the minister himself, we inquired if it was true, and he said it was.—*Olive Branch.*

#### CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

DURING the troubles in the reign of Charles I, a country girl came to London in search of a situation as servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those who are called tub women. The brewer observed a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and in a short time after married her, but died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewery was dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman as a skillful lawyer, and a suitable person to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune was very considerable, wooed and married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than one only daughter, who afterwards became the wife of James the Second, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England. Thus had greatness and honor often had their birth in poverty and indigence.

#### MORNING AIR.

THE most wholesome and invigorating air of the day is usually at day-break. The man who rises at the dawn of day, may enjoy a pleasure that is denied to a slumberer. It is the best time for exercise. The birds gaily carol, to welcome the rising sun, and to awaken man to industry. The glorious orb of day is in itself an object of more magnificence than the Fall of Niagara or Montmorenci, the Peak of Teneriffe or Etna. Yet how many traverse sea and land to behold these terrestrial objects perhaps they never saw the rising sun in its utmost splendor, the sublimest spectacle in creation.

A CAREFUL SOLDIER.—A new recruit coming into action followed the example of his comrades, and loaded his musket. Having done this, he placed the breech of his piece on the ground and appeared to be very anxiously endeavoring to draw his charge. One of his comrades observing him, sung out, "Jim, why don't you fire and let 'em have boy?" "Because," replied Jim, "I doesn't like to; I shall hurt somebody, for I've got a ball in my gun, and can't get it out."

FILLING UP THE SEA.—A ship having sprung a leak, an Irish sailor was employed at the pump, but first looked over the rail to see how high the water was on the side of the vessel. After pumping an hour, he again took a peep over the side, and finding the vessel was four inches deeper, than when he began, he exclaimed, "arrah now, Captain dear: I shall soon pump the sea full at this rate, for I have raised it four inches already."

SCRUPLES.—"Josiah, how many scruples are there in a drachm?" "Dont know zur." "Well, then recollect there are three." "O, there is, ha! well, daddy takes his dram every morning, without no scruples."

### Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1842.

THE END OF VOLUME EIGHTEEN.—The present number closes the Eighteenth Volume of the Repository. We again renew our thanks for the aid we have received from friends and patrons, in extending the circulation of our paper, and we would express a hope, now that we are about commencing a new volume, that those who have lent us their aid thus far on our way, will still continue their friendly exertions in our behalf, each endeavoring to obtain as many subscribers as they can for the next volume. Some of our subscribers will receive the first number of volume nineteenth, but no more until again ordered. We would remind all those who wish to remit for the next volume of the Repository, that they can do so free of expense, by applying to the Post Master in their vicinity, who generally will act as agent, and is authorised to frank letters for papers, and in some cases may be directed to the Post Master of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many thanks to our new correspondents for their truly excellent articles, we will assure them, a welcome reception, whenever they may see fit to favor us. We have on hand several Communications, some of which will appear as soon as practicable. We would say to some of our young writers, we had much rather select well written Poetry, than to have original, that has neither interest, nor sense.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. O. W. East Kill, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; S. S. C. Phoenix, N. Y. \$1.00; L. R. L. Athol, Ms. \$1.00; S. H. Mackinac, Mich. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; M. C. P. Cazenovia, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; C. F. S. Burlington, Vt. \$1.00; T. P. South Canoe, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; A. S. Homer, N. Y. for Vol. 16, \$1.00; H. M. Hornesville, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; S. S. Danby 4 Corners, Vt. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; J. A. Greene, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; C. L. S. Freehold, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; D. C. S. New Haven East Mills, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; M. S. New Bedford, Ms. \$1.00.

#### Married.

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Elias G. Hopkins, to Miss Eliza Jane Rose.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hamon, Charles E. Stewart to Miss Sarah Ann Vossburg, both of Chatham.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. S. T. Babbin, Mr. Frederick Mesick to Adeline Fuller.

At New-York, on the 10th ult. in the order of the Society of Friends, Robert M. Folger, of Brooklyn, to Clarissa Coleman, daughter of the late David Coleman of this city.

#### Died.

In this city, on the 22d ult. Charles, son of E. P. Egan, aged 5 years, 8 months and 14 days.

On the 30th ult. at his residence on Prospect Hill, Mr. William Noyes, in his 73d year.

On the 25th ult. Louisa, daughter of William E. and Sarah Heath, aged 3 months.

At Great Barrington, Mass. April 26th, suddenly, Mrs. Amanda P. wife of Lorenzo H. Rice, Esq. in the 35th year of her age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE TWO MAIDENS.

He met the reigning beauty  
In the gorgeous lighted hall,  
Where incense, love, and melody  
Combined their magic thrall;  
Where smiles, and silvery voices,  
And light from young glad eyes,  
And wreaths, and plumes and flashing gems,  
Formed Fashion's paradise.  
Where glittering forms were braiding  
The graceful dreamy dance,  
And light feet moved as mirrored stars  
On breezy waters dance;  
Where pearly hands were meeting  
With thrilling touch that night,  
Each bringing like a carrier dove  
Some message of delight.  
Amid this bright Elysium  
Where all was rich and rare,  
She shone the richest, rarest gem,  
The fairest of the fair,  
Amid this world of beauty  
Queen-like she seemed to move,  
The spirit of its melody,  
The living soul of love.  
That night within her chamber  
He heard the bright one say  
"Take these detested ornaments,  
This torturing dress away;  
Wash from my face the carmine,  
The pearl white from my neck;  
How sallow is my bosom now—  
And O how pale my cheek.  
"Bring me my box of medicines,  
The drops of opiate tell;  
O would there were a copious draught  
From Lethe's fabled well—  
Oh I am so sick and weary  
Of fashions heartless whirls,  
Here put away most carefully  
These rich Parisian curls.  
"Now lead me to my pillow  
For I am all unlaced,  
And oh I feel so faint and weak  
When not by corsets braced;  
Come sleep and soothe the anguish  
That wrings my heart to night;  
I've seen some eyes I would have filled  
Turn elsewhere for their light.  
"For heaven's sake do not tease me  
With tales of want and woe;  
I spent so much for this ball dress  
I've nothing to bestow.  
'There may be young hearts stricken  
By penury's bitter blight;  
But O they feel not half the pang  
That I endure to night."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He met a fair young maiden  
Amid the dewy flowers,  
While wild birds filled with holy song  
The early blossomed bowers;  
One silver star was beaming  
From its bright home on high,

Like some rich gem seen thro' the waves  
That calmly o'er it lie.

The fragrant winds were breathing  
A soft and balmy hush,  
That echoed in the rivers flow,  
And in the fountains gush.  
For peaceful dewy twilight  
Lay soft on nature's breast,  
And all the free and innocent  
Were gathering to their rest.

And she that white-robed maiden  
With bright brown braided hair  
The meekest and the sweetest flower  
That drinks the balmy air,  
Is seeking the dark dwelling  
Where sorrow waters flow,  
With sympathy for every pain,  
And balm for every woe.

She beareth consolation,  
She gives the hungry bread,  
And blessings of the comforted  
Are on her spirit shed.  
At home she is the centre  
Round which affection clings,  
Her parents bless their gentle child  
With her sweet minst' rings.

Fair sisters and young brothers,  
Flock round her for a kiss,  
She knows the key of each young heart  
And tunes them all to bliss.  
With prayer and adoration  
She seeks her nightly rest,  
The peace of God is in soul,  
Health nestles in her breast.  
Oh there's a charm in beauty  
When piety beams through,  
Refreshing every drooping thing  
Like heaven's pure sun and dew.  
He bowed to that meek maiden  
With eyes of dewy light,  
And blest with her chaste generous love  
His life was all delight. LYDIA JANE.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE VOICE OF NATURE.

The rising sun most brilliantly  
Had lighted up the eastern sky,  
And tinged the clouds with golden hue  
Reflected on the pearly dew,  
As forth I walked to muse awhile  
And a lonely hour beguile.  
Yet 'twas not lonely; from each grove,  
Where nests the robin and the dove,  
Where hides the bulfinch and blue-jay  
And where the shy young squirrels play,  
I heard a sweetly thrilling voice  
That bade my throbbing heart rejoice!

I sought the mountain-top to view  
The works of nature strange and new,  
And while I gazed, the sighing gale  
Came whispering low, a pleasing tale,  
Then gently bowed the linden tree  
Which seemed to beckon unto me,  
And say, with glad some, cheering voice  
"O, let thy drooping heart rejoice."

The voice was echoed by the pine  
The hemlock and the creeping vine,  
And giant oak, the mountain's pride  
'Neath which, the fairy spirits 'bide,  
Where nightly they late wassail hold  
E'en when the moon is waxing old,  
And dance until the break of day  
And tuneful birds begin their lay.

I traced a stream; with ceaseless flow  
It glided to the vale below,  
Then through the meadows wound its way  
And copse and pasture to the bay.  
The flowers that lined its moist side  
And dipped their petals in the tide,  
The drooping willow, fragile rush,  
The water-crest and hazel-bush  
And stream, in one united voice  
All bade my willing heart rejoice.

TREVARD.

Hamilton College, 1842.

From the Lady's Book.

## FROM THE MSS. OF DR. FRANKLIN.

In vain are musty morals taught in schools,  
By rigid teachers and as rigid rules,  
Where virtue with a frowning aspect stands,  
And frights her pupils with her rough commands:  
But woman—  
Charming woman can true converts make—  
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake:  
Virtue in them appears so bright and gay,  
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

Volume 19th, Commencing June 18, 1842,

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,

Price only \$1 per annum.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Nineteenth Volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday, the 18th of June, 1842.

The character and design of the Rural Repository being generally known, as it has been published eighteen years, and received a widely extended share of public patronage, and highly recommended by a large portion of our contemporaries of the press, and as it must be acknowledged to be one of the cheapest journals extant, the publisher deems it unnecessary in his proposals for publishing another volume to say more than that it will be conducted upon the same plan, though somewhat improved, and at the same low rate, that he has reason to believe has heretofore given satisfaction to its numerous patrons. In short, all that can serve to instruct and amuse, all that is calculated either to enlighten the understanding, or to improve the heart, is eagerly and assiduously sought after to adorn the pages of this publication. Not an idea shall be found in its columns, which would tend to

"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft eyed maiden steal a tear."

## CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, every month embellished with a superior wood engraving, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. May 7, 1842.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive subscriptions.

